

A CENTRAL HIGHWAY ACROSS THE STATE

Important Road Meeting
In Raleigh Tuesday

FOR EIGHTEEN COUNTIES

At Noon on Tuesday, February Fourteenth in Court House Here Delegates to Take Steps For the Building of a Central Good Roads Highway From Beaufort Harbor Across the State to the Tennessee Line.

A good roads Central Highway across North From from Beaufort harbor to the Tennessee line is the purpose of a meeting called to be held in Raleigh at noon on Tuesday in the court house, the proposed road to be built through eighteen counties of the State.

The purpose of the meeting is to have representatives from each of the eighteen counties through which the road would pass to meet and discuss the best plans for building such a road. To this end invitations have been sent to county commissioners, mayors, boards of aldermen and various organizations in the various counties affected.

The road is to extend from some point in Beaufort harbor through the counties of Carteret, Craven, Jones, Lenoir, Wayne, Johnston, Wake, Durham, Orange, Alamance, Guilford, Davidson, Rowan, Iredell, Catawba, Burke, McDowell and Buncombe, to some point on the Tennessee line. As far as practicable this Central Highway is to be composed of roads already existing, and the suggestion is that the High Division of the North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey select the route of the Highway. The purpose is to leave full power to each county to take such action as it may desire through its own authorities.

The meeting on Tuesday at noon in the court house here is called by the Wake County Good Roads Association and men from all sections of the State to be touched by the Central Highway are expected. An especial invitation to the senators and representatives from the eighteen counties named is extended to be present.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER.

"The Arkansas Traveler" was first printed in the Knickerbocker Magazine about 1850, and leaped into instant favor as a delicious specimen of frontier humor. Since that time the story from time to time, has gone the rounds of the papers of the country, always being received with favor by the reading public.

In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveler after riding some eight or ten miles without meeting a human being, or seeing a human habitation, came at length, by a sudden turn of the wood-road, to a miserable "shanty," the center of a small clearing in what had originally been a "black-jack thicket," when the only sound that proceeded is the discordant music of a broken-winded fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously extorting the monotonous tune known as "The Arkansas or Rackensack Traveler." Our traveler rides up within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed-frame of a cart body, now covered with bear skins and hung upon two wooden hinges. After shouting, the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently "wrathy" at being interrupted in the exercise of his art, the following colloquy ensues, the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strains of "The Arkansas Traveler," which in fact he continues, at sudden intervals, until the dialogue, as will be seen, is brought to an unexpected conclusion. If this be not "seeking lodgings under difficulties," we should like to know what be legitimately so considered:

Traveler: "Friend, can I obtain accommodations for the night with you?"

Arkansas Artist: "No, Sir—nary 'commodation."

Traveler: "My dear sir, I have already traveled thirty miles today and neither myself nor my horse has had a mouthful to eat; why can't you accommodate me for tonight?"

Ark. Artist: "Just case, it can't be did. We're pium out of everything to eat in the house; Bill's gone to mill with the last nubbins of corn on these premises, and 'twill be nigh onto the

shank of tomorrow evenin' afore he cums home, unless somethin' uncommon happens."

Traveler: "You surely have something that I can feed my horse, even a few potatoes would be better than no food."

Ark. Artist: "Stranger, our eatin'-roots gin out about a week ago; so your chance is slim that."

Traveler: "But, my friend, I must remain with you anyway; I can't go any further, whether I obtain anything to eat or not. You certainly will allow me the shelter of your roof?"

Ark. Artist: "It can't be did, old hoss. You see, we've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and ole woman allus occupies that; so whar's your chance?"

Traveler: "Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon tree, and with my saddle blanket I'll make a bed in the fence-corner."

Ark. Artist: "Hitch your horse to that simmon tree—in a horn! Why, you must be a nat'ral fool, stranger! Don't you see that's me and the ole woman's only chance for simmon-beer in the fall of the year. If your horse is so t'arnal hungry as you say he is, he'd girdle it as high up as he could reach, afore mornin'; I 'spect not; no, no, stranger, you can't come nary sich a dodge as that."

Our traveler, seeing that he had an original to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer upon the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change is tactics and draw is determined-not-to-be-host-out-a-little-before informing him of the fact that he, too, could play "The Arkansas Traveler," which once being known, he rightly conjectured, would be a passport to his better graces.

Traveler: "Well, friend, if I can't stay how far is it to the next house?"

Ark. Artist: "Ten miles; and you'll think they're mighty long ones, too, afore you get thar. I came nigh onto forgettin' to tell you, the big creek is up; the bridge is carried up; there's nary yearthly chance to ford it; and if you're bound to cross it you'll have to go about seven miles up the stream to ole Dave Lowdy's puncheon bridge through one of the biggest bamboo swamps ever you see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yet; 'twas yesterday morning, though one end had started down stream about fifteen feet, or sich a matter."

Traveler: "Friend, you seem communicative; and if it's no offense I'd like to know what you do for a living?"

Ark Artist: "No offense on yearth, stranger; we just keep a grocery."

Traveler: "A grocery! Where in the name of all that is mercantile do your customers come from. Your nearest neighbor is ten miles distant!"

Ark. Artist: "The fact is me and the ole woman is the best customers yet, but we expect these diggins will improve, and in course business will improve, too. However, we do suthin now even. Me and the ole woman took the cart 't'other day, and went to town; we bought a barrel o' whiskey; and arter we come home an' gin to count the balance on hand, we found thar weren't but one solitary picayune left, an' as the ole woman allus carries the purse, in course she had it. Well, I sot the barrel agin one side of the room, and shortly arter, the ole woman sez 'S'posin' you tap your end of the barrel, and I did, and she bought a drink and paid me a picayune. Pretty soon I begun to get dry and sez I: 'Ole woman, s'posin' you tap your end of the barrel, and she did; and then she sells me a drink, and the way that picayune has traveled backwads forwads over the bung of that barrel is caution to them as love 'red-eye.' But stranger, losses is apt to come with every business; and me and the ole woman has lost some in the grocery line, and I'll tell you how. The boy Bill, our oldest son, he see how the licker was goin' and he didn't have nary red to fine in the retail business, so one night he crawls under the house and taps the barrel atwixt the cracks in the puncheon floor, and I r'ally believe he's got more than me or the ole woman either; (the good for nothin' vagabond, to come the 'gaif' over his nateral born parents; it's enuff to make a man sour agin all creation; that boy'll be the ruination of us, yet. He takes to trickery jest as nat'ral as a possum takes to a hen roost. Now, stranger, what on yearth am I to do? He beats me an the ole woman entirely."

Traveler: "It would be difficult for me to advise in regard to your son, as I have no family of my own. You say

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STUART'S PLAS TR PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, bands or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured is the privilege of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 15 St. Louis, Mo.

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FEATHER BEDS

PAIR OF FEATHER PILLOWS FREE

This offer is to the Ladies that are looking for the welfare of the home and the good comfort that a good, nice FEATHER BED and SET OF PILLOWS will give to the family for a lifetime. We take pleasure in making the following offer, with the knowledge of the fact in view that every lady will gladly take advantage of this advertising offer. **READ IT.** For the next 90 days we will ship you a nice 30-pound Feather Bed, of new prairie duck feathers, for only \$10.00. The bed is full size, 9 yards, best 8-oz. A. C. A. feather tickings, and we will give free with each bed a nice set of Feather pillows, worth \$2.00, and we will pay the freight on all orders for two or more beds and pillows to your station.

Now, this offer is special to get them advertised in territories that we cannot reach otherwise. While they last, send in your order. You can remit in full or send one-third the amount of your order. We will ship them C. O. D. for the balance due.

Your obedient servants,

Z. Blackwell Feather Bed & Furniture Co.

Chesnee, S. C.

its ten miles to the next house, the big creek is up; the bridge is carried away; no possibility of fording it, and seven miles to through a swamp to the nearest bridge in the vicinity! This is rather a gloomy prospect, particularly as the sun is just about down—still my curiosity is excited, and as you have only been playing one part of the 'Arkansas Traveler' ever since my arrival, I would like to know before I leave why you don't play the tune through?"

Ark. Artist: "For one of the best reasons on yearth, old hoss, I can't do it. I hain't learnt the turn of that tune, and drat me if I believe I ever shall."

Traveler: "Give me your instrument and I'll see if I can't play the turn for you."

Ark. Artist: "Look o'here, my friend; do you play the turn o' that tune?"

Traveler: "I believe I can."

Ark. Artist: "Lile, lile, old hoss!—well find a place for you in the cabin sure. Ole woman! (A halloo! in the cabin was the first indication the traveler had of any other human being on the premises) the stranger plays the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveler.' My friend, hitch your hoss to the simmon tree, or anywhere else you please. Bill'll be here soon and he'll take care of him. Ole woman you call Sall and Nance up from the spring; tell Nance to go into the spring-house and cut off a good large piece of bear steak to brile for the stranger's supper. Tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two and get out some flour and have some flour-doin's and chicken-fixin's for the stranger. (Bill just leaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than he was expected a half-hour before.) Bill, O. Bill, there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the 'Rackensack Traveler' for us.

The "punkin" was brought; the tater were skinned and eaten; the turn of the Rackensack Traveler was repeatedly played, to the abundant edification; and the 'gals' finally announced that supper was ready, and although instead of 'store tea' they only had 'sasifax' tea-doin's without milk, yet the repast was one long to be remembered. The traveler remained all night, and was piloted safely over the big creek early the next morning. Of a truth, music has charms to soothe the savage breast.

HOW WEST LEFT WILSON.

Had the Tragedy Not Occurred Hardware Store Would Have Been Robbed.

(Special to News and Observer.) Wilson, N. C., Feb. 11.—Only this part of West's confession are we at liberty to turn loose at this time. He admits his guilt; says Officer Wynne shot at him from the back window; that Chief Glover's bullet was the one that hit him in the breast.

He left Wilson through the woods, parallel with Atlantic Coast Line railroad.

The full confession, which is starting, will be given out later.

The hardware store of Mayo Bros., in Wilson, it is said, was to have been robbed Friday night had not the tragedy occurred.

Blockade Still Captured.

(Special to News and Observer.) Pittsboro, Feb. 11.—A blockade still of eighty gallons capacity was captured in Baldwin's township, about fourteen miles north of Pittsboro, by Deputy Sheriff C. E. Hackney, and was brought here and put into the county jail, to be later destroyed. No arrests were made, as the offenders had a short while previously left with the worm. The still had been in operation but a short time before the capture that it was scarcely cold. This is the fourth and largest still captured and brought to Pittsboro since Christmas.

TARBORO COURTHOUSE.

(Special to News and Observer.) Tarboro, Feb. 11.—The county commissioners have decided to have the courthouse remodeled, the amount to be expended not to exceed \$20,000. A bill will be prepared allowing a bond issue for this work.

THE TOBACCO IN JANUARY

The January sales of leaf tobacco in the tobacco warehouses of North Carolina, with reports to the Department of Agriculture from 31 markets, amounted in January, to a grand total of 16,098,565, as against 11,259,495 pounds in January, 1910.

Winston-Salem leads with 5,348,464 pounds, the next four towns, each selling slightly over a million pounds, are Roxboro, Reidsville, Oxford and Durham. The sales reported for the month are:

Towns.	First Hand.	Total with Resales.
Winston-Salem	4,573,477	5,348,464
Roxboro	1,090,816	1,101,953
Reidsville	1,061,274	1,079,856
Oxford	997,603	1,035,493
Durham	912,586	1,012,686
Henderson	793,345	855,243
Mount Airy	756,454	829,544
Stoneville	578,062	614,465
Wilson	468,062	522,213
Madison	463,459	481,728
Burlington	377,788	411,384
Louisburg	289,869	296,676
Rocky Mount	288,658	308,108
Warrenton	279,508	280,413
Creedmoor	232,312	267,215
Greenville	222,830	237,851
Mebane	189,941	189,941
Statesville	163,760	163,760
Pilot Mountain	156,266	165,676
Farmville	136,576	144,929
Apex	118,858	138,118
Youngsville	113,384	113,384
Smithfield	91,686	97,999
Fuquay Springs	72,002	94,973
Kinston	59,937	68,455
La Grange	54,261	75,337
Wendell	51,534	54,882
Zebulon	37,833	41,971
Snow Hill	26,019	28,282
Milton	20,453	33,898
Enfield	12,983	12,983

Total 14,692,996 16,098,565
Total for January, 1910 11,259,495

"THE CHAP THAT LOVES THEM ALL."

Valentine for Mary Jane, an' one for Nancy-Lou,
An' Jenny o' the Violets—my love fer her is true.

They're flowers that bloom
In spring an' fall,
An' I'm the chap
That loves 'em all!

Love 'em like I love the stars, an'
long to see the sun,
An' jest the sweetest words I know
are writ to ever' one.

The sweetest flowers
In spring an' fall,
An' I'm the chap
That loves 'em all!
F. L. STANTON.

DOVE TAKES AN APPEAL.

Was Sentenced to Five Years in the Penitentiary—Released on \$5,000 Bond.

(Special to News and Observer.) Oxford, Feb. 11.—Dove, who was convicted yesterday of the killing of Roycroft, was sentenced today to five years in the penitentiary. He appealed and was released on \$5,000 bond.

'NEGRO WOMAN ACQUITTED.

Escapes on the Unwritten Law—Trio of Boys Given Road Sentences.

(Special to News and Observer.) Waynesville, Feb. 11.—The jury after being out all night on the murder case of Mary Lenoir, a negro woman, rendered a verdict this morning of not guilty. She was acquitted on the unwritten law plea.

The trio of boys who robbed the Eagle Nest hotel get a road sentence.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footstep in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

—Cowper